"Dinner is served, Your Grace!" the butler announced from the doorway.

"If you are not hungry, I am!" the Duke said to Luella.

"I feel like Enrico. I have a hole in my tummy," Luella said without thinking. Then she blushed because it sounded too intimate to stay to a stranger.

The Duke however laughed. "Is the little Italian all right?" he enquired.

"He is delighted with his bed, which he thinks is a big ship," Luella said. "He really is a dear little boy, and has been very good, considering we had a very long journey and an extremely tiring one." The Duke did not answer. She thought perhaps it was embarrassing if she talked about Enrico.

And yet she knew there would have to be some decision made about him. The question was whether he should be sent back to Italy, or allowed to stay in England.

She remembered the sordid house from which he had come. The Duke had told her a great deal about Signor Vecchio. Now it occurred to her that he would not care what happened to Enrico once he had served his purpose.

'What can I do about him?" she asked herself. She knew it was another problem on her shoulders besides her own.

Chapter Five